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By *ADAM FITZ-ADAM.*

To be continued every THURSDAY.

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To Mr. FITZ-ADAM,

SIR,

THE want of happineſs has been the perpetual complaint of all ranks and conditions of men, from the beginning of the world to the preſent times: and at the rate they ſtill go on, it is abſolutely impoſſible that the complaint ſhould ceaſe. Happineſs is a fruit always within their reach, but they will not give themſelves the trouble to gather it. It is hourly at their doors as a friend, but they will not let it in. It ſolicits them in every ſhape, yet they reject it's offers. Ignorance and indolence are it's conſtant enemies.

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MOST people have parts and application ſufficient to learn the eaſy rules of Whiſt, Cribbage and Cheſs; and as ſoon as they are informed (what they little ſuſpect, and will be delighted to hear) that happineſs is a GAME, and a much greater and deeper one than even Pharo or Hazard, I make no doubt that men, women and children will immediately ſet themſelves to learn the rules and fineſſes of this important PLAY.

WHEN they are ſatisfied it is a game that will be univerſally uſed in all companies in town and country, what mortal will be ſo ſtupid, as not to learn it in ſome degree of perfection? For who, without the greateſt gratitude, can reflect upon the benevolence of nature, that has introduced felicity into the world, in the welcome and ever-faſhionable guiſe of deep play, and high gaming?

THIS divine attainment could not have been annexed to books and learning; head-achs, perpetual reaſonings, and fierce diſputations, would have embarraſſed every ſtep: neither could it have been coupled to riches, which are ever attended with care and anxiety. If poverty and contentment had been the vehicles appropriated to convey it, a ſickly calm would have ſtagnated all activity. Had it been given to political purſuits, how could it have been reconciled to the deſultory ſentiments of majorities and minorities? Therefore bountiful nature has annexed it to CARDS, and ſeaſoned it to the palates of mankind, by the ſpirit of gaming, which ſhe has almoſt equally infuſed into all her rational children.

Now as I have always profeſſed myſelf a great friend and admirer of PLAY, I ſhall endeavour to lay down a few of the moſt certain rules, by which all perſons may be

be inſtructed in the art of playing at this ROYAL GAME of HAPPINESS. And I am the more willing to promote the knowledge of this game, as it depends rather upon ſkill and addreſs, than chance and fortune. It is not played with ever dangerous dice, like Backgammon or Tricktrack; nor like Bragg, by audacity of countenance, and polite cozenage: and though, like Picquet, there is much putting out and taking in, yet every card is playable.

I AM elated with pleaſure, when I conſider that I am going to teach miſerable mortals this great GAME; which, without vanity I may ſay, is making them a preſent of more than a ſixth ſenſe, and enabling them to exerciſe their five primary ones in the moſt delightful manner. I need not here expatiate upon the pleaſures of PLAY, the firſt paſtime of infancy, and the ultimate amuſement of decrepid age; the faculty which moſt diſtinguiſhes the rational from the brute creation; that levels the lacquey with the prince, and the humble cinder wench with the ſtately ducheſs; the cement of all true ſociety, which, by diſcarding volumes of words, confines all wit, ſenſe and language within the limits of half a ſcore ſhort and ſignificant ſentences. How admirable is the ſagacity of the adepts! or, in other words, the people of faſhion! who are perpetually taking into their hands, and dealing about moſt liberally, all that is deſirable in the world! For though the uneducated claſs of mortals may think a club is but a club, and a ſpade a ſpade, theſe exalted and illumined characters thoroughly comprehend, that clubs denote power, diamonds riches, ſpades induſtry, and hearts popularity and affections of every ſort. From this conſideration, I never enter a great apartment

ment without being ſtruck with ſolemnity and awe. I look upon the different contenders at each table, as ſo many mighty giants, toſſing about with ſtupendous ſtrength theſe glorious ſymbols of every thing valuable in the creation.

WHAT giggling Miſs ſhall hereafter preſume to diſturb theſe rites with more than female levity? What puny ſenator ſhall dare here to recollect the little politics of either houſe, the partial intereſts of inſignificant iſlands and nations, whoſe comparative greatneſs is loſt in ſuch a ſcene; where every motion decides the fates of kings and queens, and every ordinary trick includes as much wiſdom and addreſs, as would ſet up a moderate politician, ſtateſman, or miniſter? I conſider theſe aſſemblies, as the great academies of education, and obſerve with pleaſure, that all parents, guardians and huſbands are bringing their families to town, for at leaſt ſix months in the year, to take the advantage of theſe noble ſchools, and well inſtituted ſeminaries.

WHAT ideas muſt we form of the hoſpitable inhabitants of a great capital, where the houſes and heads of the moſt reſpectable families are night after night devoted to public benefit and inſtruction! How much ſuperior are theſe to the portico's, gardens, and philoſophic ſchools, that rendered the names of Athens and Rome ſo greatly celebrated! Here, our daughters are capacitated to marry the firſt prince that may happen to aſk them, inſtead of falling the unhappy victims of the narrow domeſtic views of ſome neighbouring country gentleman. And here the married ladies are taught to paſs the winter evenings without a yawn, even in the abſence of their huſbands. Here they collect that treaſure of maſculine knowledge, thoſe elegant ideas and reflections,

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that wonderfully alleviate the ſolitude of the old family manſion, where, amidſt the cawing of rooks, the murmuring of ſtreams, and fragrant walks of flowering ſhrubs, they wait the return of winter with a philoſophic compoſure.

But I am wandering from my purpoſe, and expatiating upon general PLAY, when I intended only to teach my new and great GAME of HAPPINESS, which will render the whole univerſe like one grand aſſembly or rout.

Know then, ye hence happy mortals, that the game called HAPPINESS, is played with packs of cards, each pack conſiſting of three hundred and ſixty five different cards; the backs of which, inſtead of being white, are of a duſky footy colour. Every ſeventh card is equivalent to a court card, of which there are fifty two in each pack; and upon playing properly theſe court cards, the fortunate event of the game is thought greatly to depend.

It is played from one to any number of players. The game of one is the leaſt entertaining: the game of two is much applauded by lookers on; but as a greater number muſt naturally give more variety to the game, a party of ten or a dozen is the moſt deſirable ſet, though the players may be ſubject to many revokes. Great lovers of the game are indeed fond of ſitting down to a crowded table; but it is generally obſerved, that an inattentive and ſlovenly manner of playing is too often the conſequence. One pack of cards will laſt a conſiderable time, as may be conjectured from their footy backs: inaſmuch as the greateſt players are ſeldom known to pay for more than three ſcore and ten packs during the whole courſe of their lives.

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